THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE;

OR

Literary Miscellany.

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For the Evening Fire-side.

THE PHILANTHROPIST: NO. XIV.

"Let free enquiry, none presume to shun,
"For Truth must triumph ere her work is done."

I introduce the following letter from a correspondent with peculiar pleasure. Not because I am convinced by the stories he relates that I have inveighed without cause against the *cautions of age and the maxims of prudence*, as he is pleased to term it; but from a belief that it will be gratifying to my readers, and from a desire to give scope to free enquiry upon every subject, the discussion of which has a tendency to promote the general good. If in future, he should think it worth while to resume the subject, I dare predict he will have many admiring readers; I can at least insure him one; and if he convinces me of my errors, (which perhaps he may think is not quite as easy as would be desirable) I am PHILANTHROPIST enough to acknowledge them, for the sake of setting a good example; did I not think such conduct as honorable as it is profitable

A.

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To the Philanthropist:

As you profess to be a lover of the whole human race, whatever relates to the condition of society in general, or any of the classes of which it is composed, may presume, be properly offered to your notice. The relation of a circumstance that recently occurred, will perhaps convince you, that what appears to be theoretically right, may sometimes be practically wrong; and that "prudence ought to govern us even when giving alms," and hold her station undisturbed among the cardinal virtues.

Last evening, after having read with some satisfaction a paper of yours, (which, though I am a constant reader of your lucubrations, had never caught my attention before) where *Prudence*, the *Mother* of *Prosperity*, was stigmatized as a "rascally virtue," after having caught a little of the overflowings of your philanthropy, the unusual mildness of the evening, invited me to a walk in the outskirts of the city. I was led by desultory rambles to the centre Water-works, where many others, like myself, had been called forth to enjoy the pleasures of an evening promenade.

At the western gate, which looks towards Schuylkill, I was applied to by a wretched looking little boy, who asked charity: I never saw so miserable an object in so young a child, for he did not appear to be more than eleven years old; he said his father and mother were both sick a-bed with the ague, and he had not had a mouthful of food all day. Before I could hand him the relief which common humanity would have suggested, had I not just read your paper against the cautions of age, and the maxims of prudence, I was accosted by a gentleman, whose age bespoke experience, and his appearance engaged respect: he apologized for obtruding, and enquired if I knew the lad before us? No; but his looks declare his wretchedness; and he is too young to be initiated in falsehood. "Believe me, young man, he is unworthy of your charity."

He then in general terms condemned common beggars as a common nuisance, who invent tales of distress, and put on the squalid appearance of misery to impose on the credulous, or levy a tax on the purses of the benevolent; and train up their own children, or those they procure for the purpose, to their own vile trade. I asserted the injustice of drawing a general conclusion from a single instance of imposture. What but the most urgent want, and a total inability to help himself, could reconcile the beggar to his abject condition? When I have seen him bending under infirmity, weighed down with a load of years, my heart has recoiled at the sight of human misery. And is there any one so lost to sympathy, as not to wish to relieve the wretched suppliant, whose heart must have suffered many a painful throe, ere he could submit to the degraded condition of living on the hard wrung charity of fellow men, while he is often wounded by the taunts of the unfeeling, or the indifference of selfish ease. The old gentleman patiently listened to my conclusion, and then proceeded thus:

"Young man, I honour your sentiments: an unsuspicious temper augurs favourable for your years. But we need not be always credulous to preserve our sincerity, or be constantly open to imposition, that we may avoid the imputation of cunning.

If beggary were, in every instance, a condition of necessity, or but seldom that of choice, it would be cruel to turn away the poor petitioner, while there was ability to relieve; but my observation justifies me in the opinion, that it is chiefly resorted to by the vicious and indolent, in preference to labour. Men grown bold in infamy, feel no ingenuous blushes at extorting from honest industry, by artful tales, and fictions well contrived, the pittance due only to the real children of misery and want. These tricks are innumerable, and their cunning is only equalled by their depravity.

I will not say this is the character of every wandering beggar who applies for assistance to the passing stranger; but I have been so often deceived by assumed distress, that my purse strings have long since been submitted to the direction of prudence; and I have found it necessary to examine before I gave relief. There are some moralists, I know, who account this "detestable" caution; who glory in following the promptings of the moment; and consider it base in the extreme, to suffer the sympathies of the heart, to be at the discretion of reason. But I rejoice to see that my countrymen (the Londoners) think as I do on the subject. They, I find, have lately instituted a society, with funds as ample as those of a Foundling hospital, for the express purpose of discriminating between the real ob-

jects of commiſeration, and thoſe impoſtors who are truly "deteſtable." I remember a ſingular rencounter I had when a youth, with one of thoſe fellows in the neighbourhood of London. Croſſing Moorfields, one day, juſt about funſet, I was followed by a ſhabby looking fellow, who importunately begged for ſix-pence. I had juſt before parted with all I could conveniently ſpare, and therefore told him, I had nothing for him: but the fellow walked along, repeating his intreaties, till finding no likelihood of ſucceſs—Well, ſir, ſaid he, with a melancholy air, I ſhall trouble you no more! but that ſmall matter would have ſaved me from doing what I now ſhall be forced to do!—then fetching a deep ſigh, he ſhook his head, and ſlowly moved away.

The ſtrangeneſs of his words and behaviour ſtruck me. This poor creature, thought I, by want has grown deſperate, and ſhall my refuſal of ſuch a trifle drive him to extremities? With that, calling back the fellow,—here friend, is ſix-pence for thee; but, prithee, tell me the meaning of what you ſaid juſt now. The fellow thanked me, and pocketting the money—Why truly, maſter, replied he, I've been begging here this whole day, to little purpoſe, and, unleſs your charity had ſaved me from it, I muſt have been forced to *work*, the thoughts of which gave me no ſmall diſquiet." The boy before us has no ſtronger claims to your charity, than he of whom I have been ſpeaking had to mine. Not long ſince, I found him ſo intoxicated as to be quite helpleſs, and conducted him to his parents, from whom I diſcovered, that he was in the habit of obtaining money in this way, for the gratification of this ſhocking, this iniquitous propenſity.

HORTENTIOUS.

For the Evening Fire-side.

EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

A ſource of pleaſure oft I find
In see'ng how various are inclin'd
The beings of the human kind,
A wond'rous race!
Unlike in features of the mind
As in the face.

Some love thro' ages paſt to pore;
And ſome induſtriouſly explore
The ſandy beach—the pebbly ſhore
Or rocky peak,
Or 'mid the heaps of ſhining ore,
Fair Science ſeek.

Rapt in a contemplative ſtrain
Great Newton ſaw—nor ſaw in vain—
Each Planet of the ſolar train
And Satellite;
And found Attraction's Law explain
Their order bright.

Thoſe various compounds, ever new,
Which Chemiſtry unfolds to view,
Did Lavoiſier with zeal purſue,
Their Laws to ſcan;
And from the ſeeming chaos drew
His beauteous plan.

Linnæus, too, the noble Swede,
By Genius' guiding impulſe led
In wiſdom's ſacred walks to tread,
Delighted ey'd
The book of Nature open ſpread
On ev'ry ſide.

What rapture did the view convey,
When, as he took his ſtudious way
'Mong foreſts, fields and meadows gay,
With pious awe
He ſaw each blooming flower obey
The ſexual law!

Such were the men—their countries pride,
In worth and virtue near ally'd,
Whom GOD inſpir'd to draw aſide
The vail, and ſhow
Thoſe laws by which HE deigns to guide
Things here below.

Tho' theſe the civic crown may claim,
Thouſands there are of leſſer name
Enroll'd upon the liſt of fame
In ev'ry age,
Who felt the Philoſophic flame
Within them rage.

The academic walks to join;
Or with thoſe ſons of light to ſhine;
Nature pronounces is not mine:
Yet Reaſon's call
Proclaims it madneſs to repine
At talents ſmall.

The wren, upborne on ſlender wing,
The eagle's loftier flight may ſing:
And I may ſtrike my humble ſtring
Wi' the ſages praiſe,
Tho' ne'er at pure Pierian ſpring,
I earn'd my lays.

His proper gift has every man,
And who improves it as he can
Performs his part o' gen'ral plan
With equal grace,
As who in Wiſdom's great Divan
Holds higher place.

Then why, my friend, need we to bluſh,
Tho', like the wren or ſimple thruſh,
We only hop from buſh to buſh
With wild-wood ſong,
Or mark the little torrents ruſh
The rocks among.

As in a ſhady, cool retreat
Where bending boughs each other greet,
To ſhun the ſummer's mid-day heat
I once reclin'd,
Around me many a warbler ſweet
In concert join'd.

Pleas'd with the tenants of the wood,
E'en then I felt a wiſh intrude,
Which on my hours of ſolitude
Full oft attends—
A wiſh to form a club of good
And ſocial friends.

Thus, meeting on ſome choſen night,
All worldly troubles put to flight,
The calamut of peace we'd light—
Then puff away;
And rub the chain of union bright
With converſe gay.

We'd talk of bards of ancient time,
Of moderns who attempt to climb
The towering, cloud-capt heights ſublime
Of Poetry,
And eke the leſs aſſuming rhyme
Of minſtrelſy.

Yet not with ſcorn ſhould we refuſe
A topic 'cauſe it is in proſe;
E'en might, at times, the daily news
Attention claim;
But moſtly ought th' inſpiring muſe
To be our aim.

In Friendſhip's channel thus ſhould roll
The genial current of the ſoul,
Unaw'd by Preſident's controul.
No CONSTITUTION
Would we inſcribe on pompous ſcroll,
Nor Reſolution.

No rules, nor rights with ink defin'd,
Should cramp the freedom of the mind;
Nor ſhould diſgraceful forfeits bind
Our ſocial band,
While Virtue, Truth and thoughts refin'd
Our ſouls expand.

Nor would we 'dopt the modern taſte,
Of having our aſſembly grac'd
With ſounding name before it plac'd,
Of fam'd Athenian,
A dozen letters long at leaſt,
As DEMOSTHENIAN.*

Could we but meet with two or three
To join in ſuch ſociety,
In undiſguis'd ſimplicity
We'd form our plan,
And have for motto "Liberty
The Friend of man."

B.

Philad. 12th mo. 25th, 1801.

For the Evening Fire-side.

Could wealth our happineſs augment,
What could it give beyond content.

POPE.

The firſt and ruling motive in the actions of mankind, appears to be the acquiſition of happineſs. The means employed for the attainment of this deſirable object, are as various and diſſimilar, as the humours and inclinations of men. Some fancy it is to

* A demosthenian society existed in the city at that time.

be found in the paths of pleaſure, and in the enervating walks of riot and voluptuouſneſs; whilſt others ſeek it with equal propriety in the courts of princes, and conſider titles and diſtinctions as the medium through which it is to be obtained. But all will remain equally diſtant from the object of their wiſhes, who ſuppoſe it to be the neceſſary reſult of any acquirements whatever, ſhort of the regulation of their deſires and paſſions. It would be derogatory to the juſtice and benevolence of the Deity, to conclude, that by placing mankind in different ſituations, and beſtowing upon them in different degrees, the capacity of obtaining either wealth, titles, or diſtinctions, he had made a primary difference in their means of enjoyment. Happineſs is placed within the power of all; and conſiſts in nothing more than being contented with our ſtation.

In the vigour of youth, before the contaminating influence of the world has poiſoned our principles, and debaſed our affections, when the "imagination is lively, and hope is ardent," we fondly dream of extacy; of happineſs which ſhould have no alloy; we judge of men and things by the ſtandard of our own purity, and picture to ourſelves in the pleaſing mirror of fancy, a world of joy and of tranſport. But ſad experience ſoon teaches us, that this fabric of ideal happineſs is nothing more than an empty bubble, which burſts at the firſt blaſt of adverſity; a phantom which allures at a diſtance, but baffles our eager approach; and that the nature of things in this imperfect ſtate, will not admit the enjoyment of happineſs unmixed with pain. We find that the ſplendour of wealth, and the pomp of greatneſs, which glitter in the eyes of the beholder, does not give to its poſſeſſor the enjoyment of happineſs. Though they who poſſeſs much have their ſphere of action enlarged, in proportion to the increaſe of their wealth: though their influence amongſt men is encreaſed, and the reſpect which alone is due to virtue is implicitly paid at the ſhrine of opulence; though the voice of ſervile flattery ſalutes their ears, and every grovelling ſycophant ſtoops to offer them the tribute of praiſe: yet without the conſciouſneſs of intrinſic merit, except the calmneſs of contentment ſooths into peace their jarring paſſions, and regulates their deſires, all the glitter which ſurrounds them, will not be able to put them in the enjoyment of true happineſs. That portion of it which is attainable in this imperfect ſtate, does not conſiſt in great poſſeſſions, but in a ſecret complacency of mind, which is produced by the exerciſe of patience, under the various trials which await us. In ſhort, contentment produces all thoſe effects, which the imaginary theoriſt aſcribes to the acquiſition of wealth or diſtinctions; by reſtricting our deſires to what we poſſeſs, produces a ſtate free from care and anxiety; add to this, a friend, a companion in life, who can ſympathiſe with us in affliction, and by promoting our enjoyment, exalts her own, and our happineſs muſt be as complete as the nature of this imperfect ſtate will admit.

PHILETUS.

For the Evening Fire-side.

When active life's tumultuous ſcenes are paſt,
And ſinking man reſigns each project vaſt;
When age approaches and when ſtrength decays,
And faintly ſhine life's glimmering taper's rays,
Far from the buſy town's tumultuous noiſe,
Where riot revels, and where pleaſure cloys,
Shelter'd in ſome lone vale, retir'd and ſtill,
Where rolls the fountain, ſmoothly glides the rill;
Where twines the woodbine, ſweetly blooms the roſe,
Let me in ſolitude enjoy repoſe:
Ah then! may no remorſe my boſom ſtain,
No rankling ſhafts of keen reflection pain.

For the Evening Fire-side.

"Whatsoever ye would that men ſhould do unto you, do ye even ſo unto them."

Among the proverbs of the wiſe king Solomon, are to be found many excellent maxims and leſſons of wiſdom, but there is not one that tends more immediately to the rectification of every moral principle, than this comprehenſive precept of our Saviour: "Whatſoever ye would that men ſhould do unto you do yeeven ſounto them." Volumes might have been written on this ſubject, and not have conveyed a more perfect ſyſtem of pure and genuine morality, than what is contained in theſe few words: "Do unto others as ye would be done by." How clear and explicit is this doctrine! What a noble ſtandard to direct and regulate our daily conduct by? But alas! how little is it attended to by the generality of mankind? How frequently in our intercourſe with men, do we ſuffer "ſelf-love, the ſpring of action that moves the ſoul," to become the predominating principle. Partiality to his own intereſt and the love of gain, often prompt the covetous man in his dealings to take every advantage of his neighbour. The impious tongue of ſlander and falſehood,

"That blaſts, with dark ſuggeſtions virtue's peace,"

is moved by a principle contrary to that which is inculcated by this divine precept; "Whatſoever ye would that men ſhould do unto you, do ye even ſo to them." Ye deluded ſons of Avarice, and worſhippers of the tinſelled goddeſs Wealth, examine well your own hearts, ſee how far your conduct will ſquare with the text, ſuffer no ſordid views of paltry gain, to lead you to the violation of this ſacred rule of juſtice, and you will enjoy more pleaſure than can be derived from the accumulation of thouſands.

LACONIC PREACHER.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Meſſrs. Editors,

Obſerving in a late number of the Fire-ſide an eſſay on Tobacco, in which the author, Mr. *Tinker*, ſeems rather to advocate the practice of uſing it, particularly ſmoking. This, for medical purpoſes, in ſome inſtances may be conducive to health; but I believe the contrary effects are very frequently experienced. To indulge in the practice merely for amuſement, in order to "paſs time away," is unqueſtionably a groſs evil; beſides unprofitably waſting the precious "ſtuff life is made of," it is attended with unneceſſary expenſe. This it may be ſaid, is a mere trifle; a few cents in the courſe of a year will not be miſſed: but recollect that the expenditures of a few years added together will amount to dollars, which it would be much better to employ on charitable occaſions, than to ſquander it unneceſſarily away. When we conſider that the practice in many caſes is extremely offenſive to female delicacy, it is aſtoniſhing that any "*gallant*" of the preſent day, ſhould indulge in a practice which renders him diſagreeable in thoſe circles.

We have many facetious anecdotes recorded of tobacco. One of which happened in Conſtantinople, I particularly recollect. An edict had been iſſued againſt ſmoking—and in order to render the practice as ridiculous as poſſible, a Turk who had been found ſmoking was cited before the council, who ordered him to be conducted about the ſtreets with his pipe tranſfixed through his noſe. Pope Urban 8th, publiſhed a decree of excommunication againſt all who ſhould chew or take ſnuff in the church, becauſe ſome Spaniſh eccleſiaſtics uſed it during the celebration of maſs. In 1634, in Ruſſia, ſnuffing was forbidden under pain of having the noſe cut off. If ſome ſimilar reſtrictions were made in the preſent day, advantages I believe would accrue. It might at leaſt be

carried ſo far, as to aboliſh the too prevalent practice of uſing the article in places of public worſhip. The floors of our meeting houſes and churches ſhould then no longer exhibit the effects of a cuſtom, which is inconſiſtent with the ſolemnity of the occaſion for which we there meet and aſſemble together.

JOE CRIB.

Old-ſod, May 25th.

For the Evening Fire-side.

Meſſieurs Editors,

Should the following meet your approbation, your inſerting it in the Evening Fire-side will oblige your humble ſervant a ſubſcriber,

TOM.

THE ROSE-BUD.

On yonder tree with verdure clad,
Late grew a budding roſe—
And O! it did my boſom glad
To ſee its charms diſcloſe.

Each morning dreſt with lucent dew,
Freſh loveliness around it ſtrew—
Freſh ſweetness gave the gale;
'Twas call'd by all who us'd to ſtray
Along the ſtream's enamelled way,
The faireſt of the vale.

Vain, very vain, the pleaſing joy,
That ſmiling hope beſtows;
It gliſtens only to decoy,
And wake the ſoul to woes!

I thought, beneath my tender care,
The roſe-bud might have flouriſh'd there—
My pleaſure and my pride:
When lo! a Bee, on wanton wing,
Sipp'd all its ſweets—and left a ſting,
The roſe-bud droop'd and died.

TOM.

Selected for the Evening Fire-ſide.

Briſk wine ſome hearts inſpires with gladneſs,
And makes ſome droop in ſober ſadneſs;
Makes politicians ſound to battle,
And lovers of their miſtreſs prattle;
While with "potations pottle deep"
It lulls the ſerious ſot to ſleep.

HON.

Drinking is one of thoſe popular vices, which moſt people reckon among their venial failings; and it is thought no great blot on a man's character, to ſay he takes his glaſs rather too freely. But as thoſe vices are moſt dangerous, and likely to prevail, which, if not approved, are at leaſt commonly excuſed, I have been tempted to examine, whether drinking really deſerves that quarter it receives from the generality of mankind: and I muſt own, that after a ſtrict attention to the principal motives, that induce men to become hard drinkers, as well as to the conſequences, which ſuch exceſſes produce, I am at a loſs to account for the received maxim, that "in good wine there is truth;" and ſhould no more expect happineſs in a full bowl, than chaſtity in the bar of a tavern.

The incentives to this practice are ſome of them very ſhocking, and ſome very ridiculous: as will perhaps appear from the following characters.

Poor Heartly was bleſt with every noble qualification of the head and heart, and bade fair for the love and admiration of the whole world; but was unfortunately bound in a very large ſum for a friend, who diſappeared, and left him to the mercy of the law. The diſtreſſes, thus brought upon him by the treachery of another, threw him into the deepeſt deſpair; and he had at laſt recourſe to drinking, to benumb (if poſſible) the very ſenſe of reflection. He is miſerable, when ſober; and when drunk, ſtupified and muddled: his misfortunes have robbed him of all his joys of life: and he is now endeavouring wilfully to put an end to them by a ſlow poiſon.

Tom Buck, from the firſt day that he was put into breeches, was always accounted a boy of ſpirit; and before he reached the top of Weſtminſter ſchool, knew the names and faces of the moſt noted girls upon town, toſſed off his claret with a ſmack, and had a long tick at the tavern. When he went to Oxford, he eſpouſed the Tory party, becauſe they drank deepeſt; and he has for ſome years been accounted a four-bottle man. He drank for fame; and has ſo well eſtabliſhed his character, that he was never known to ſend a man from his chambers ſober, but generally laid his whole company under the table. Since his leaving the univerſity, nobody ever acquired more reputation by electioneering; for he can ſee out the ſtouteſt freeholder in England. He has, indeed, ſwallowed many a tun in the ſervice of his country; and is now a founder patriot by two bottles, than any man in the country.

Poor Wou'd-be became a debauchee through mere baſhfulneſs, and a fooliſh ſort of modeſty, and has made many a man drunk in ſpite of his teeth. He contracted an acquaintance with a ſet of hard-drinkers: and though he would as ſoon chuſe to ſwallow a doſe of phyſic, has not courage to refuſe a bumper. He is drunk every night, and always ſick to death the next morning, when he conſtantly reſolves to drink nothing ſtronger than ſmall beer for the future; but at night the poor fellow gets drunk again through downright modeſty. Thus Wou'd-be ſuffers himſelf to be preſſed into the ſervice; and ſince he has commenced a jolly fellow, is become one of the moſt miſerable wretches upon earth.

Honeſt Ned Brimmer is at preſent the moſt diſmal object, that ever fell a ſacrifice to liquor. It was unluckily his firſt ambition to promote what is called good fellowſhip. In this undertaking he has in a very few years entirely ruined his conſtitution; and now ſtalks up and down in ſo piteous a condition, as might inſpire his companions with more melancholy reflections than an empty bottle. He has quite loſt all appetite; and he is now obliged to keep up a weak artificial heat in his body, by the ſame means that deſtroyed the natural warmth of his conſtitution. Rum, brandy, and uſquebaugh are his diet drinks: and he may perhaps linger a few months, before he falls a martyr to good fellowſhip.

Having thus taken a ſhort view of the unhappy motives that induce men to become hard-drinkers, few perhaps will think ſuch reaſons any recommendations to drunkenneſs. Nor can I imagine they will grow more fond of it, by obſerving what ſtrange creatures they are during their intoxication. Shakeſpeare calls it "putting a devil into their mouths, to ſteal away their brains:" and, indeed, a cup too much turns a man the wrong ſide out: and wine, at the ſame time it takes away the power of ſtanding from the legs, deprives the mind of all ſenſe and reflection. It is whimſical enough to conſider the different effects which wine produces on different tempers. Sometimes, like love, it makes a fool ſenſible, and a wiſe man an aſs; and ſeems to imbibe a new quality from every different body, as water takes a tincture from the ground it runs through.

Horace has with great pleaſantry recapitulated the various effects of wine in a ſtanza, which I have placed at the head of this paper. One man grows maudlin and weeps; another becomes merry and facetious; a third quarrels, throws a bottle at his companion's head, and could run his deareſt friend through the body; a fourth is mad, and falls in love with ſome ſtreet-walker; while to a fifth, the liquor ſerves as an opiate, and lulls him to ſleep. Shakeſpeare has alſo ſhewn this variety of characters, with great humour. Caſſio cries, "let's to buſineſs," and immediately begins to hiccup his prayers, and belches

out his hopes of ſalvation: Juſtice Silence, who does not ſpeak a word while he is ſober, has no ſooner ſwallowed his rouzing cup, than he roars out a catch, and grows the noiſieſt man in the company. It is reported to have been one of the moſt exquiſite entertainments to the choice ſpirits in the beginning of this century, to get Addiſon and Steele together in company for the evening. Steele entertained them, till he was tipſy; when the ſame wine, that ſtupified him, only ſerved to elevate Addiſon, who took up the ball juſt as Steele dropped it, and kept it up for the reſt of the evening. They, who have never been preſent at a ſcene of this kind, may ſee the whole group of drunken characters, diſplayed at one view with infinite humour, in Hogarth's Modern Midnight Converſation.

Thus exceſs of drinking verifies all the transformations recorded in the fable of Circe's cup: and perhaps the true reaſon, why Bacchus is always painted with horns, is to intimate, that wine turns men into beaſts. Indeed, if none were to indulge themſelves in drinking, except thoſe, who (like Steele and Addiſon) could be witty and agreeable in their cups, the number of hard-drinkers would be very happily diminiſhed. Moſt men have ſo little right to plead an excuſe of this ſort in vindication of their drunkenneſs, that wine either makes them very rude, very ſtupid, or very mad. It is a vulgar error to ſuppoſe, that liquor only ſhews ill qualities, ſince it alſo frequently creates them; and engenders notions in the mind quite foreign to its natural diſpoſition, which are the mere effects of wine, and break out like blotches and carbuncles on the face. The diſguſtful appearance, which moſt people make when they are drunk, was what induced the Spartans to intoxicate their ſlaves, and ſhew them to their children, in order to deter them from ſo odious a vice. In like manner let the choice ſpirit, who is often ſeen ſnoring in an armed chair in a tavern, or hanging his head over the pot, reflect what a ſhocking figure he muſt have made, when he ſees the drunken beggar ſleeping on a bulk, or rolling in the kennel!

Whoever thus conſiders the motives, that generally induce men to give into theſe exceſſes, and how ridiculous and unhappy they are often rendered by the effects, will hardly be tempted by the charms of a bottle: and, indeed, hard-drinking is frequently one, among the many evils that ariſe from want of education. The dull country ſquire, who has not taſte for literary amuſements, has nothing, except his dogs and horſes, but his bumper to divert him; and the town ſquire ſits ſoaking for the ſame reaſon in a tavern. Theſe are the common herd of Bacchus's ſwine: but nothing is more ſhocking than to ſee a man of ſenſe thus deſtroying his parts and conſtitution. It not only makes a terrible innovation in his whole frame and intellects, but alſo robs him of the ſociety of thoſe like himſelf, with whom he ſhould aſſociate, and reduces him to the level of a ſet of wretches; ſince all may be admitted to his company and converſation, who are able to toſs off a bumper.

Thoſe conſiderations are ſufficient to convince us of the evils which reſult from hard-drinking: but it will ſhock us ſtill more, if we reflect how much it will influence our life and conduct. Whoever is engaged in a profeſſion, will never apply to it with ſucceſs, while he ſticks ſo cloſe to his bottle; and the tradeſman, who endeavours to make buſineſs and pleaſure compatable, will never be able to make both ends meet. Thus, whether health, fame, or intereſt is regarded, drunkenneſs ſhould be avoided: and we may ſay with Caſſio, "Every inordinate cup is unbleſt, and the ingredient is a devil."

O.

From the Latin of Pontanus.

Damsel! fairer than the roſe
That buds when vernal zephyr blows,
And ſwells in crimſon to the view,
When moiſten'd by the morning dew;
Come, mark with me thy emblem flower,
When glows the ſultry noon-tide hour.
Come, ſee how feeble, faint, and dead,
It gently bows its drooping head,
And falls, and withers on the plain.
Damsel! thus brief is Beauty's reign:—
Paſs ſome few years, and age ſhall trace
His wrinkles in thy fading face:
His touch ſhall dim thy glossy hair,
Thy ivory teeth, thy forehead fair.
No ceſtus, bright with gems and gold,
Thy ſwelling breaſts ſhall then unfold;
No crowds of ſuitors then ſhall wait
With garlands trim to deck thy gate;
But dull and dreary o'er thy bower
Shall paſs the lonely midnight hour.

Come, then, enjoy the vernal day,
And crop with me the flowers of May;
With ſilent wing Time ſpeeds his flight,
And wafts us ſwift to endleſs night!
Come, then, my fair, and whilſt we prove
The dear delights of mutual love,
Let glowing Venus beam from far
Our morning and our evening ſtar.

W. S.

MADAME RECAMIER.

A letter from Paris, dated Feb. 25, ſays, "The amiable and accompliſhed Madame Recamier is now preparing to quit her ſuperb manſion in *rue de Mont Blanc*, for an humble dwelling in the *Marais*, where ſhe intends to eſtabliſh a *Penſionat* for Young Ladies. No female of this capital retired from the circle of faſhion with ſo much native dignity, and ſupported the reverſe of fortune with more becoming fortitude.—She carries with her, not only the admiration of friends, but the eſteem of thoſe who once envied or hated her as a rival. The ſame as formerly, in affluence, ſhe has during the laſt winter received regular invitations to our numerous balls, routs, and aſſemblies:—and the empreſs and the Princeſſes Bonaparte have, by their Chamberlain, informed her that her preſence in the Drawing-room would always be agreeable; but ſhe has renounced entirely all ſociety, and in ſolitude applied herſelf for her new ſituation of life. Even the brilliant offer of Princeſs Louis Bonaparte, to become the Governeſs of her children, has been declined in a modeſt letter; in which ſhe ſays—"that though her education and capacity might be ſufficient for the inſtruction of children of citizens, they were not calculated for the education of children of Princes." She adds, "that the unavoidable diſſipation of courts would beſides prevent her from fulfilling her firſt duty that of a wife."—It is now diſcovered, that the houſe of Recamier never poſſeſſed any great wealth, though its credit, during ten years, has been one of the moſt extenſive."

MRS. ELIZABETH CARTER.

This venerable ornament of literature, and moſt reſpectable member of ſociety, cloſed her amiable and meritorious life on Wedneſday laſt, at her lodgings in Clarges ſtreet, Piccadilly: ſhe was in the 89th year of her age. Her underſtanding and ſcholaſtic attainments, if ſhe had been of the other ſex, would have qualified her for a diſtinguiſhed ſtation in the world; and her purity of morals and religious principles would have diſpoſed her to execute its duties with unimpeached integrity. She had a ſtrong turn towards poetry, but in all her compoſitions ſhe endeavoured to make poetry ſubſervient to the intereſts of virtue. Her firſt poetical effuſion that appeared in print, was we believe, the beautiful *Ode to Wiſdom*, which was originally introduced to the public in the celebrated novel of *Cla-*

riſſa. She afterwards preſented a volume of poems to the world, all of which are characterized by ſentiment, tenderneſs, delicacy, moral energy, philoſophic elevation, and fervid piety.

This lady wrote two papers in *The Rambler*; one *On Religion and ſuperſtition*, and the other entitled *The voyage of Life*, which appear ſo uniform with the ſtyle and ſentiments of the work in general, that they might be taken for the productions of the revered Author of that admirable work.

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ODE TO SIMPLICITY.—*By Peter Pindar.*

SIMPLICITY, I dote upon thy tongue;
And *thee*, oh white rob'd TRUTH, I've reverenced long—
I'm fond too of that flashy varlet WIT,
Who skims earth, sea, heav'n, hell, existence o'er,
To put the merry table in a roar,
And shake the sides with laugh-convulsing fit.

Oh yes! in sweet SIMPLICITY I glory—
To *her* we owe a charming little story.

As well as I can recollect,
It is a story of famed WILLIAM PENN,
By bailiffs oft beset, without effect,
Like numbers of our Lords and Gentlemen.

WILLIAM had got a private hole to spy
The folks who came with writs, or 'How d' ye do?'
Possessing, too, a penetrating eye,
Friends from his foes the the Quaker quickly knew.

A bailiff, in disguise one day,
Though not disguised to our friend WILL,
Came to WILL's, shoulder compliments to pay,
Concealed, the catchpole thought, with wond'rous skill.

Boldly he knocked at WILLIAM's door,
Drest like a gentleman from top to toe,
Expecting quick admittance, to be sure—
But no!

WILL's servant NATHAN, with a strait hair'd head,
Unto the window gravely stalk'd, not *ran*—
"Master at home?" the bailiff *sweetly* said—
"Thou can'st not speak to him," replied the man.

"What," quoth the bailiff, "won't he see me then?"
"Nay," snuffled NATHAN, "let it not thus strike thee;
Know, verily, that WILLIAM PENN
"Hath *seen* thee, but he doth not *like* thee."

Trade of the Chineſe, manner of buying, ſelling, &c.

The internal commerce of China is immenſe; but, on the other hand, its foreign trade is much inferior to that of any of the commercial powers of Europe.

The great number of canals and rivers by which China is interſected, tend to facilitate the conveyance of merchandiſe, and its prodigious population ſecures a rapid ſale. It is, beſides, not at all expenſive to commence ſhop-keeper in China: a family poſſeſs often but one crown, and ſometimes leſs, yet with this ſlender ſtock they begin trade; they purchaſe proviſions, which have always a ready ſale; the profits ariſing enable them to deal to a larger extent, and at the end of a few years it is common to ſee a petty ſhop converted into a warehouſe.

In no country is miſtruſt more neceſſary for a merchant, than in China; for a Chineſe trader conſiders it is an eſtabliſhed maxim, that the buyer's intention is to give as little as poſſible, and even nothing, if the vender would conſent, and therefore, by the ſame reaſoning, thinks himſelf authoriſed to draw as much from the other as he poſſibly can.

The beſt attended fairs of Europe afford but a faint picture of that immenſe number of buyers and ſellers, with which the large cities of China are continually crowded, and of whom we may fairly ſay, that the one half are employed in over-reaching the other. Againſt ſtrangers in particular, the Chineſe merchants exerciſe, without any ſenſe of ſhame, their inſatiable rapacity. Of this F. Du Halde gives a ſtriking example, which might be ſupported by many others. "The captain of an Engliſh veſſel agreed with a Chineſe merchant at *Canton*, for ſeveral bales of ſilk, to be furniſhed againſt a certain time. When they were ready, the captain went with his interpreter to examine whether they were ſound and in good condition. On opening the firſt bale, he found it according to his wiſh, but all the reſt were damaged. The captain reſented this treacherous conduct, and reproached the Chineſe merchant in the ſevereſt terms for his diſhoneſty. The Chineſe, after having heard him for ſome time, with great coolneſs replied '*blame, ſir, your knave of an interpreter; he aſſured me that you would not inſpect the bales.*"

The lower claſs of people are, above all, very dextrous in counterfeiting and adulterating every thing they ſell. Sometimes an European thinks he has bought a capon, and receives nothing but ſkin, all the reſt has been ſcoped out, and its place ſo ingeniouſly filled, that the deception is not eaſily diſcovered.

The counterfeit hams of the Chineſe have been often mentioned. They are made of wood, cut in the form of a ham, and coated over with a certain kind of earth, which is covered with a hog's ſkin, and ſo curiouſly painted and prepared, that a knife is neceſſary to detect the fraud.

The Chineſe are not at all fitted for maritime commerce. Their veſſels ſeldom go beyond the ſtraits of *Sunda*; their longeſt voyages towards *Malacca* extend only to *Achen*; towards the ſtraights, as far as *Batavia*; and northward as far as *Japan*. Their commerce with this iſland, conſidering the articles of exchange which they procure at *Camboya*, or at *Siam*, produces them at leaſt cent. per cent.

Their trade with the Manillas is leſs profitable; their gain being about fifty per cent. It is rather more at Batavia; and the Dutch ſpare no pains to invite the Chineſe among them. Chineſe traders go alſo, though but ſeldom, to *Achon*, *Malacca*, *Thor*, *Patan* and *Ligor*, belonging to Siam and Cochinchina. From theſe places they bring gold and tin, but eſpecially objects of luxury for the table, and ſome other more neceſſary articles.

One great obſtacle to the progreſs of maritime commerce among the Chineſe, is their indifference reſpecting it, and the bad conſtruction of their veſſels. This they themſelves acknowledge; but to attempt to remove it, according to them, would be derogating from the laws, and ſubverting the conſtitution of the empire; and, therefore no doubt, equally ſeditious with an Engliſhman attempting to reſtore the conſtitution of Great-Brit[illegible] to its original ſimplicity.

Biographical ſketch of the life of Lavater, the celebrated Phyſiognomiſt.

Lavater, who lately died at Zurich, was conſidered as one of the moſt famous men in Europe. He was a humble country clergyman, of good education, a warm fancy, and a natural acuteneſs of diſcernment.

In this ſituation, and with theſe qualities, he was accidentally led to turn his attention, in a particular manner, to the expreſſion of human ſentiment and character in the varied conformation of the countenance, head and other parts of the frame, in complexion, in the habitual motions and attitudes, in the temperament of health, &c. He perceived that, in all theſe, not only tranſient paſſion, but even the more permanent qualities of character are often very diſtinctly expreſſed. He carries his obſervations, in this way, much farther than any other perſon had before advanced. Succeſs inflamed his imagination; and he became an enthuſiaſt in the ſtudy of Phyſiognomy. The opinions relative to it, which he propagated, were a medley of acute obſervations, ingenious conjecture, and wild reverie. They were divulged by him in converſation, and in a multitude of fragments, which he and his diſciples ſoon aſſembled into volumes: novelty, myſtery, and the dreams of enthuſiaſm, have inexpreſſible charms for the multitude. Every man was eager to learn to read his neighbours heart in his face. In Switzerland, in Germany, in France, even in Great Britain, all the world, became paſſionate admirers of the Phyſiognomical ſcience of Lavater. His books, publiſhed in the German language, were multiplied by many editions. A ſervant at one time would ſcarcely be hired without the deſcriptions and engravings of Lavater being firſt conſulted, in careful compariſon, with lines and features of the young man's or young woman's countenance. The ſame ſyſtem was eagerly tranſlated into the French language; and, as the inſight into character and ſecret intention which it promiſed, was infinitely grateful to female curioſity, all the pretenders to wit, taſte, and faſhion, soon became diſtractedly fond of it. It was talked of as a ſcience ſuſceptible of mathematical certainty; and was applauded as capable of endowing man with the Omniſcient intuition into the hearts and intentions of his fellows. Two well executed tranſlations naturalized the ſame books of Lavater into the Engliſh language; this naturalization was requiſite to ſhew the fallacy of his pretenſions. The wanderings of imagination, the dreams referable to no ſcientifical principles, even the occaſional effuſions of ſublimity and pathos which thoſe books diſplayed, might intereſt the curious remarker on human genius and character; but ſerves, at the ſame time to evince to the ſound ſenſe and ſhrewd diſcernment of ſenſible men, that Phyſiognomy was but an idle ſtudy, the amuſement—it might be—of the wiſe; the deluſion of fools. The multitude run ever in extremes, and notwithſtanding the labours of Dr. H. Hunter, and Mr. Holcroft, the writings of Lavater have been ſince treated in England, with a ſlighting diſregard, that does injuſtice to their genuine merits.

The phyſiognomical delirium of the weak, excited alſo in Germany the deriſion of the witty and the wiſe. The phyſiognomical travels, or phyſiognomical quixote of the celebrated Muſæus, the precepter of Kobzebue, was written in ridicule of the dreams and purſuits of Lavater, and his phyſiognomical diſciples; and though to an Engliſhman its humour may not appear very happy, nor its wit admirably lively and pointed, yet its effect was in Germany powerful to the confuſions of Lavateriſm, and it raiſed its author at once to a ſplendid literary reputation.

But even after the firſt charm had been diſſolved, Lavater ſtill retained many diſciples, he continued to cultivate phyſiognomy, and was ſtill eagerly viſited by travellers paſſing near the place of his reſidence. By ſome of his adverſaries he was idly and unjuſtly accuſed as an inſidious jeſuit, who, under pretenſions about phyſiognomy, purſued ſome vaſt and miſchievous deſigns. His theological opinions took a colour from his phyſiognomical ones, and he became the abhorrence of the orthodox. His private life was ſimple, and even devoutly pious. His wife had become as well as himſelf a great phyſiognomiſt. He was always an early riſer, and uſed never to take his breakfaſt till he had, in his own mind, earned it by the performance of ſome literary taſk.

IRON MANUFACTORY.

The iron manufactory at Carron, in Scotland, is the greateſt perhaps of the kind in the world. The weekly conſumption of coals amount to 11000 tons at four ſhillings per ton, and the conſumption of each day is equal to that of the city of Edinburgh for a week. As many coals, therefore, are conſumed in the Carron Foundry, as would ſuffice to ſupply a city of 700,000 inhabitants.—One thouſand workmen are daily employed in the manufactory, whoſe wages amount to 700l. a week, and 36,400l. per annum.

SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.—London papers received at Boston to the 24th ult. by capt. Trott, in 28 days from Liverpool, state, that the late pacific overtures of Bonaparte have been rejected, and were to be communicated to parliament. The king of England as elector of Hanover, had published a declaration against the conduct of Prussia. The parliament had unanimously approved of his majesty's measures respecting Prussia. The West-India trade bill had suddenly been postponed for a fortnight, when it was about to have a second reading.

The trial of Lord Viscount Melville commenced at Westminster Hall the 29th of April. The London papers state, that the curiosity excited by the trial of Lord Melville was not exceeded by that which prevailed on the first day of the trial of Mr. Hastings. At eight o'clock, many of those who had obtained tickets for this splendid spectacle appeared at the entrance into Westminster Hall. By 9, the line of carriages extended from Palace-yard to the Admiralty. Near eleven o'clock Mr. Whitebread and the other managers appeared, followed by Mr. Fox, and the House of Commons. The managers were all in Court dresses. After the Speaker had taken his seat, the procession from the House of Lords began to enter the Hall. At this time Lord Melville entered the Court, from the bottom of the Hall, and proceeding round the council's box, took his seat inside the bar. All the Peers were habited in full robes of their respective ranks. As soon as they were seated, silence was proclaimed by the cryer under pain of imprisonment. Proclamation was next made, that Henry Lord Viscount Melville, was about to take his trial for high crimes and misdemeanors, and calling upon all those who had any thing against him to come forward. The articles of impeachment were then read, with Lord Melville's answer; also the 10th, or additional charge, and Lord Melville's answer and protest against it. Mr. Whitebread then rose, and began to open the charges against Lord Melville. By a resolution of the House of Lords, the editors of the London newspapers are prohibited from the publication of any of the proceedings on this trial till it is terminated.

The number of Peers who attended was very great; there were no less than 85 barons; all the princes of the blood; and the box appropriated to foreign ministers was nearly filled. There were not less than 7 or 800 ladies present.

DOMESTIC.—*Boston, June* 2. Capt. Sawyer arrived at this port from Leghorn, has

riſſa. She afterwards preſented a volume of poems to the world, all of which are characterized by ſentiment, tenderneſs, delicacy, moral energy, philoſophic elevation, and fervid piety.

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[*London Paper.*]

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"Hath *seen* thee, but he doth not *like* thee."

Trade of the Chineſe, manner of buying, ſelling, &c.

The internal commerce of China is immenſe; but, on the other hand, its foreign trade is much inferior to that of any of the commercial powers of Europe.

The great number of canals and rivers by which China is interſected, tend to facilitate the conveyance of merchandiſe, and its prodigious population ſecures a rapid ſale. It is, beſides, not at all expenſive to commence ſhop-keeper in China: a family poſſeſs often but one crown, and ſometimes leſs, yet with this ſlender ſtock they begin trade; they purchaſe proviſions, which have always a ready ſale; the profits ariſing enable them to deal to a larger extent, and at the end of a few years it is common to ſee a petty ſhop converted into a warehouſe.

In no country is miſtruſt more neceſſary for a merchant, than in China; for a Chineſe trader conſiders it is an eſtabliſhed maxim, that the buyer's intention is to give as little as poſſible, and even nothing, if the vender would conſent, and therefore, by the ſame reaſoning, thinks himſelf authoriſed to draw as much from the other as he poſſibly can.

The beſt attended fairs of Europe afford but a faint picture of that immenſe number of buyers and ſellers, with which the large cities of China are continually crowded, and of whom we may fairly ſay, that the one half are employed in over-reaching the other. Againſt ſtrangers in particular, the Chineſe merchants exerciſe, without any ſenſe of ſhame, their inſatiable rapacity. Of this F. Du Halde gives a ſtriking example, which might be ſupported by many others. "The captain of an Engliſh veſſel agreed with a Chineſe merchant at *Canton*, for ſeveral bales of ſilk, to be furniſhed againſt a certain time. When they were ready, the captain went with his interpreter to examine whether they were ſound and in good condition. On opening the firſt bale, he found it according to his wiſh, but all the reſt were damaged. The captain reſented this treacherous conduct, and reproached the Chineſe merchant in the ſevereſt terms for his diſhoneſty. The Chineſe, after having heard him for ſome time, with great coolneſs replied '*blame, ſir, your knave of an interpreter; he aſſured me that you would not inſpect the bales.*"

The lower claſs of people are, above all, very dextrous in counterfeiting and adulterating every thing they ſell. Sometimes an European thinks he has bought a capon, and receives nothing but ſkin, all the reſt has been ſcoped out, and its place ſo ingeniouſly filled, that the deception is not eaſily diſcovered.

The counterfeit hams of the Chineſe have been often mentioned. They are made of wood, cut in the form of a ham, and coated over with a certain kind of earth, which is covered with a hog's ſkin, and ſo curiouſly painted and prepared, that a knife is neceſſary to detect the fraud.

The Chineſe are not at all fitted for maritime commerce. Their veſſels ſeldom go beyond the ſtraits of *Sunda*; their longeſt voyages towards *Malacca* extend only to *Achen*; towards the ſtraights, as far as *Batavia*; and northward as far as *Japan*. Their commerce with this iſland, conſidering the articles of exchange which they procure at *Camboya*, or at *Siam*, produces them at leaſt cent. per cent.

Their trade with the Manillas is leſs profitable; their gain being about fifty per cent. It is rather more at Batavia; and the Dutch ſpare no pains to invite the Chineſe among them. Chineſe traders go alſo, though but ſeldom, to *Achon*, *Malacca*, *Thor*, *Patan* and *Ligor*, belonging to Siam and Cochinchina. From theſe places they bring gold and tin, but eſpecially objects of luxury for the table, and ſome other more neceſſary articles.

One great obſtacle to the progreſs of maritime commerce among the Chineſe, is their indifference reſpecting it, and the bad conſtruction of their veſſels. This they themſelves acknowledge; but to attempt to remove it, according to them, would be derogating from the laws, and ſubverting the conſtitution of the empire; and, therefore no doubt, equally ſeditious with an Engliſhman attempting to reſtore the conſtitution of Great-Brit to its original ſimplicity.

Biographical ſketch of the life of Lavater, the celebrated Phyſiognomiſt.

Lavater, who lately died at Zurich, was conſidered as one of the moſt famous men in Europe. He was a humble country clergyman, of good education, a warm fancy, and a natural acuteneſs of diſcernment.

In this ſituation, and with theſe qualities, he was accidentally led to turn his attention, in a particular manner, to the expreſſion of human ſentiment and character in the varied conformation of the countenance, head and other parts of the frame, in complexion, in the habitual motions and attitudes, in the temperament of health, &c. He perceived that, in all theſe, not only tranſient paſſion, but even the more permanent qualities of character are often very diſtinctly expreſſed. He carries his obſervations, in this way, much farther than any other perſon had before advanced. Succeſs inflamed his imagination; and he became an enthuſiaſt in the ſtudy of Phyſiognomy. The opinions relative to it, which he propagated, were a medley of acute obſervations, ingenious conjecture, and wild reverie. They were divulged by him in converſation, and in a multitude of fragments, which he and his diſciples ſoon aſſembled into volumes: novelty, myſtery, and the dreams of enthuſiaſm, have inexpreſſible charms for the multitude. Every man was eager to learn to read his neighbours heart in his face. In Switzerland, in Germany, in France, even in Great Britain, all the world, became paſſionate admirers of the Phyſiognomical ſcience of Lavater. His books, publiſhed in the German language, were multiplied by many editions. A ſervant at one time would ſcarcely be hired without the deſcriptions and engravings of Lavater being firſt conſulted, in careful compariſon, with lines and features of the young man's or young woman's countenance. The ſame ſyſtem was eagerly tranſlated into the French language; and, as the inſight into character and ſecret intention which it promiſed, was infinitely grateful to female curioſity, all the pretenders to wit, taſte, and faſhion, soon became diſtractedly fond of it. It was talked of as a ſcience ſuſceptible of mathematical certainty; and was applauded as capable of endowing man with the Omniſcient intuition into the hearts and intentions of his fellows. Two well executed tranſlations naturalized the ſame books of Lavater into the Engliſh language; this naturalization was requiſite to ſhew the fallacy of his pretenſions. The wanderings of imagination, the dreams referable to no ſcientifical principles, even the occaſional effuſions of ſublimity and pathos which thoſe books diſplayed, might intereſt the curious remarker on human genius and character; but ſerves, at the ſame time to evince to the ſound ſenſe and ſhrewd diſcernment of ſenſible men, that Phyſiognomy was but an idle ſtudy, the amuſement—it might be—of the wiſe; the deluſion of fools. The multitude run ever in extremes, and notwithſtanding the labours of Dr. H. Hunter, and Mr. Holcroft, the writings of Lavater have been ſince treated in England, with a ſlighting diſregard, that does injuſtice to their genuine merits.

The phyſiognomical delirium of the weak, excited alſo in Germany the deriſion of the witty and the wiſe. The phyſiognomical travels, or phyſiognomical quixote of the celebrated Muſæus, the precepter of Kobzebue, was written in ridicule of the dreams and purſuits of Lavater, and his phyſiognomical diſciples; and though to an Engliſhman its humour may not appear very happy, nor its wit admirably lively and pointed, yet its effect was in Germany powerful to the confuſions of Lavateriſm, and it raiſed its author at once to a ſplendid literary reputation.

But even after the firſt charm had been diſſolved, Lavater ſtill retained many diſciples, he continued to cultivate phyſiognomy, and was ſtill eagerly viſited by travellers paſſing near the place of his reſidence. By ſome of his adverſaries he was idly and unjuſtly accuſed as an inſidious jeſuit, who, under pretenſions about phyſiognomy, purſued ſome vaſt and miſchievous deſigns. His theological opinions took a colour from his phyſiognomical ones, and he became the abhorrence of the orthodox. His private life was ſimple, and even devoutly pious. His wife had become as well as himſelf a great phyſiognomiſt. He was always an early riſer, and uſed never to take his breakfaſt till he had, in his own mind, earned it by the performance of ſome literary taſk.

IRON MANUFACTORY.

The iron manufactory at Carron, in Scotland, is the greateſt perhaps of the kind in the world. The weekly conſumption of coals amount to 11000 tons at four ſhillings per ton, and the conſumption of each day is equal to that of the city of Edinburgh for a week. As many coals, therefore, are conſumed in the Carron Foundry, as would ſuffice to ſupply a city of 700,000 inhabitants.—One thouſand workmen are daily employed in the manufactory, whoſe wages amount to 700l. a week, and 36,400l. per annum.

SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.—London papers received at Boston to the 24th ult. by capt. Trott, in 28 days from Liverpool, ſtate, that the late pacific overtures of Bonaparte have been rejected, and were to be communicated to parliament. The king of England as elector of Hanover, had published a declaration against the conduct of Prussia. The parliament had unanimously approved of his majesty's meaſures respecting Prussia. The West-India trade bill had suddenly been postponed for a fortnight, when it was about to have a second reading.

The trial of Lord Viscount Melville commenced at Westminster Hall the 29th of April. The London papers state, that the curiosity excited by the trial of Lord Melville was not exceeded by that which prevailed on the first day of the trial of Mr. Hastings. At eight o'clock, many of those who had obtained tickets for this splendid spectacle appeared at the entrance into Westminster Hall. By 9, the line of carriages extended from Palace-yard to the Admiralty. Near eleven o'clock Mr. Whitebread and the other managers appeared, followed by Mr. Fox, and the House of Commons. The managers were all in Court dresses. After the Speaker had taken his seat, the procession from the House of Lords began to enter the Hall. At this time Lord Melville entered the Court, from the bottom of the Hall, and proceeding round the council's box, took his seat inside the bar. All the Peers were habited in full robes of their respective ranks. As soon as they were seated, silence was proclaimed by the cryer under pain of imprisonment. Proclamation was next made, that Henry Lord Viscount Melville, was about to take his trial for high crimes and misdemeanors, and calling upon all those who had any thing against him to come forward. The articles of impeachment were then read, with Lord Melville's answer; also the 10th, or additional charge, and Lord Melville's answer and protest against it. Mr. Whitebread then rose, and began to open the charges against Lord Melville. By a resolution of the House of Lords, the editors of the London newspapers are prohibited from the publication of any of the proceedings on this trial till it is terminated.

The number of Peers who attended was very great; there were no less than 85 barons; all the princes of the blood; and the box appropriated to foreign ministers was nearly filled. There were not less than 7 or 800 ladies present.

DOMESTIC.—*Boston, June* 2. Capt. Sawyer arrived at this port from Leghorn, has

furnished the following information: The blockade of Naples by the English is said to have been declared at Palermo and Messina on the 28th of March. There were some apprehensions that the blockade of Leghorn would follow. The squadron off Sicily and Naples consists of four ships of the line, ten frigates and two brigs. The city of Gaeta opposed the entrance of the French, and is not yet taken; but besieged by them, and is supposed would surrender. The Emperor Napoleon is soon expected at Rome to be made king of the Romans. The Pope to retire to Versailles on a pension. It is supposed the Emperor will also make some changes in the government of Tuscany. A slight earthquake was experienced at Leghorn on the afternoon of the 16th of April.

We have seen letters from London of a late date, which say, that the differences which have subsisted between the United States and Great-Britain, are rapidly approaching to a happy conclusion: many of the points in dispute have been fully discussed and settled: among others it was presumed, that the *American flag would be suffered to protect its seamen, let them be of what country soever.*—The important point, as well as some others which relate to our commerce with the colonies of Great-Britain, it was expected would form the basis of a commercial treaty between the two countries.

New-York, June 4.—Capt. Zuill, from St. Croix informs, that a Danish schooner arrived there, which positively left the ship Leander, of New-York, with Miranda on board, at anchor off Bonaire on the 15th of May.

Capt. Pratt arrived last evening from St. Thomas, informs us, that two days before he sailed information was received of four French frigates having taken possession of PORTO RICO. They had been lying there some time, and took a favourable opportunity of making themselves masters of the place and hoisting the tri-coloured flag.

It is with regret we have to notice the reappearance off the Hook of the Leander and other British ships of war, and the recent capture of two valuable ships bound to this port; the Herkimer from the coast of Peru, and the Eliza-Ann, from Bordeaux.

Capt Salter informs, that on the 25th ult. on soundings, off Nantucket, he saw 35 sail of the homeward bound Jamaica fleet, under convoy of the Malabar and Atlas. They had parted from the grand fleet in a gale.

We are informed that a letter from Bordeaux, to a gentleman in this city, dated April 23, states that a meeting of the Federative States is to take place, for the purpose of declaring Bonaparte "King of the Romans." The ceremonial of his installation is to be performed with great pomp. All the kings, princes, dukes, &c. &c. subject to the French emperor, have received orders to attend in their proper persons. The letter further states, that the Pope is to continue in the exercise of his spiritual function only; to receive a pension, and that he is to reside in France; the particular place of his residence has not, however yet transpired.

Capt. Lowth, of the schooner Sukey and Peggy, arrived from Curracoa, informs that it was reported on the 18th ult. at that place, that the crews of the two schooners belonging to Miranda's expedition, after being captured by the Spanish Government brigs, were landed at or near Porto Cavello, and ignominiously hung as pirates. This information is by no means improbable.

PHILADELPHIA, June 7.—*Our readers will observe that on the 16th of this month there will be an Eclipse of the* SUN, *beginning at this place at 9 o'clock and 28 minutes, A. M. particulars in our next.*

On Sunday the quarantine of this port began, and will continue till the first of October next, in which time all vessels from foreign ports will pass inspection at the Lazaretto; and such as are, or have been sickly, will be detained.

A Powder Mill belonging to STEPHEN DECATUR, Esquire, of Frankford, blew up on Saturday at three o'clock. We are happy to learn that no person was hurt, and that the loss of property is inconsiderable.

Mr. Ezekiel Powers, of Croydon, New-Hampshire, during the last season, made upwards of *fifteen hundred pounds* of maple sugar. His two sons gathered sap sufficient for seven hundred and thirty pounds, and made it into sugar, in eight days and a half.

Extract of a letter from London, dated April 3, 1806.

"Lord Selkirk, [not Mr. Erskine] who has been in America, and made some settlement in Upper Canada a few years ago, is now appointed our Minister to the United States. He will I am informed, embark for Washington as soon as some pending matters between this country, and America are arranged.

"You will notice, from what has passed in Parliament, that our new Ministers are speaking handsomely of America. Hence it is to be supposed all will end in bonds of mutual affection; indeed I have reason to believe this from better authority, upon which I can depend."

Another extract of a letter from a gentleman in London to his friend in Philadelphia.

"The physicians of *this* city have lately *agreed* by a large vote that the yellow fever is not a contagious, and of course not an importable disease. All the American quarantine laws therefore are only so many vexatious and expensive regulations."

Another extract of a letter from a gentleman in Edinburgh to his friend in Philadelphia.

"The physicians of *this* city have unanimously *agreed* that the yellow fever is a disease as certainly though not as uniformly contagious as the small pox. Of course it is an importable disease, and your only safety lies in the rigid observance of your quarantine laws."

Another extract of a letter from a gentleman in Liverpool to his friend in Philadelphia.

"The physicians of *this* place have at a late and numerous meeting *agreed* that the yellow fever is both an imported disease, and likewise that it sometimes originates in the United States from local filth. They therefore recommend the observance of quarantine laws and of domestic cleanliness as the most certain way of fencing out the evil."

[*New-York Evening Post.*

A Charleston paper of May 23d, mentions the arrival of 4 vessels with 970 SLAVES.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GALLIO LUSSIMDAW is more troublesome than instructive. He acknowledges himself deficient in mathematical knowledge; this he ought to have considered as a sufficient reason for declining mathematical disputes.

LECTURER's Fragment, though the good intention of the writer is obvious, does not abound in qualities that would be likely to produce the effect the author had in view.

C. is hardly entitled to the civility of a request, not to send us any more of his verses. We have seldom seen an attempt at versification more degrading to the profession.

NAGER, by the aid of *reason* or *instinct*, anticipated the fate to which he is doomed.

Several selections have been received, for which we offer our thanks.

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